

THE FORTNIGHTLY OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

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STUDENTS VISIT STATE
LEGISLATURE

Crowd Goes on "Atalanta"
"Rah, Rah, Rah! Puget Sound."
"Three Cheers for Dr. Todd and
Dean Morton!"

To the tune of such music, the "Atalanta" pulled out from the Municipal Dock at 8 o'clock last Tuesday morning on its memorable trip to Olympia to honor the State Legislature by a visit from the College students.

The trip was made at the invitation of Prof. Walter S. Davis, who is now attending the Senate, and under the direction of Marmaduke Dodsworth, it proved to be one of the big events of the school year. More than sixty students of the Civics Class of the Lincoln Park High School also accompanied the College students.

On the trip over, a brief stop was made at McNeil's Island to get a view of the State Penitentiary, and the crowd arrived at Olympia before eleven o'clock.

The Senate was first visited, where the students were happy to see the Senate Joint Memorial Bill No. 8, introduced by Senator Davis, and which related to the conferring of naturalization on certain women, passed.

After luncheon at the Mitchell Hotel, the students went to the Temple of Justice where, at the invitation of Chief Justice Stephen J. Chadwick, they were allowed to attend a case where five supreme judges were sitting. The State Law Libraries, the judges' chambers, and the governor's mansion were also toured, the crowd meeting again to visit the House of Representatives.

It was in the house that the students became so interested in the discussion, taking place that they could scarcely leave to get the boat. Representative Gelletly of Wenatchee was championing the Wenatchee Apple Bill with Representative Sawyer of Yakima, leading the argumentation on the other side. With a dozen or more men saying "Mr. Speaker" at one time, the students could not help but own it was a fascinating scene to watch from the gallery above.

After visiting the State Capitol, observing the Legislature at work, and seeing the Supreme Court in session, the students got an idea of the general working and operation of the State government which was invaluable, and all enthusiastically thanked Senator Davis for his invitation.

On the trip home, the Y. W. C. A. served a bountiful lunch to all on board, and the evening on the Sound was spent in yells, songs, and a general good time.

The faculty attending as chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Todd, Prof. and Mrs. Robbins, Prof. and Mrs. Harvey, Miss Ruth Bailey, Miss Jessie Rummel, and Prof. O. E. Reynolds.

H. C. S. RE-ORGANIZED

H. C. S., a society which has been prominent in all school activities for several years, has been re-organized and is again ready to take an active part in the society life of the College. At the beginning of the year, it was found that practically all the old members of H. C. S. were in the service, and thru no fault of the Society, meetings were forced to be discontinued.

With the signing of the armistice and the discharging of the military forces, however, several of the men are returning. So with these men as a nucleus, H. C. S. is re-organizing. The men now active members here are Marmaduke Dodsworth, Henry Cramer, Elmer Anderson, Harold Hong, and Harry Magnuson.

PHILOS WIN SECOND DEBATE

Amphics and Philos to Clash Next

In the second debate of the series held in the chapel Monday evening, the Philos won from the Macedonians, or Non-Society Team, by a two to one decision. The debate was marked by display of unusual spirit and "pep," and the Chapel was well filled.

Thelma Hastings and Fielding Lemmon were the winning debaters for the Philo team, and Hilda Scheyer and Clara McCarthy represented the Macedonians. The question was "Resolved, That the Government Should Own and Control the Railroads," each speaker being given ten minutes for his main speech and three minutes for rebuttal. Arguments were splendidly given by both sides.

Harry Gardner, Chairman of Debate and Oratory, presided.

Musical numbers also livened up the program. Frances King and Ruth McGee sang "Alice, Where Art Thou?" The Philo Mixed Quartet composed of Marion Myers, Mabel Amende, Harold Young, and Victor Riste also gave two numbers. Vera Sinclair was the accompanist.

The judges were Attorney Dix Rowland, Miss Dodd, professor of oral expression in Lincoln High, and J. E. Lewis, principal of Puyallup High School.

The next debate will be between the Amphictyons, who won from the Thetas three weeks ago, and the Philos, who won this last debate, to decide the champion society team of the College. Great enthusiasm is being shown in preparing for this final debate of the series.

FRESHMEN STAGE FARCE

Faculty Burlesqued

The Freshman farce as staged by the members of the Freshman class was perhaps the most original chapel program given this year. It was given under the direction of Miss Florence Maddock, and proved to be a clever burlesque on the faculty.

The cast follows:

Dr. Todd Ed Longstreth
Miss Hill Edith Palmer
Prof. Robbins Harry Magnuson
Prof. Reynolds Herbert Swanson
Prof. Harvey Leland Yerkes
Prof. Hanawalt Paul Snyder
Mrs. Hovious Ruth Woods
Dr. Marvin Charlie Brady
Mrs. Davis Helen Joliffe
Mrs. Marsh Ethel Beckman
Miss Rummel Myrtle Warren
Miss Reneau Margaret Joliffe
Dean Morton Fielding Lemmon

Miss Dorothy Terry took the role of the college girl.

The farce follows:

(The girl, sitting at table studying, gradually falls asleep. During her dream, the faculty comes in one by one, while four girls give the Mother Goose Rhymes.)

Dr. Todd:

Dr. Todd went to Chicago
In a shower of rain;
He made a speech that was printed,
and so
Back to Tacoma he came.

Miss Hill:

Go to the office and see Bursar Hill,
She'll get your dollars, if anyone will;
Open your purse and get a good range,
For out of your roll she'll give you no
change.

Prof. Robbins:

Old Coach Robbins was a merry old
soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his stars
And he called for his team
And he called for his dollars, it seems,
Every star was on the team
And a very fine team had he
Oh, there's none so rare as can com-
pare
With Coach Robbins and his team so
fair.

Prof. Reynolds:

Reynolds, Reynolds, daddy Reynolds,
How do your rules of study go,
With library disorder
It very near borders
On not having any at all.

Prof. Harvey:

Humpty Harvey would like to reduce,
Humpty Harvey would be sweet and
spruce
But all the goodies that haunt his path

Continued on page 3 Column 3

ANNUAL BANQUET HUGE SUCCESS

Speeches and Class Stunts are Featured

The biggest social event of the college year took place last Saturday evening when the tenth annual banquet of the College was held in the banquet hall of the Tacoma Commercial Club.

From the beginning of the reception which preceded the banquet, to the final twinkling of the lights before midnight, a wonderful college spirit was shown, which brought students, faculty, and guests closely together.

During the serving of the banquet, the classes livened up the occasion by their original stunts. Songs and yells were exchanged and a general air of excitement kept up. The sophomores presented to the freshmen tiny baby books, which contained a memorandum of when each freshman was born, its first tooth, its first step, a lock of its hair and several other items particularly interesting to remember about babies. The freshman, in return, presented a book to the sophomores on "How to Behave at a Banquet." The juniors plotted with the freshmen in keeping events lively, while the seniors in their dignified manner, abetted the sophomores in their mischief.

Class rivalry was forgotten, however, when President Todd, as toastmaster, arose to introduce the speakers. Marmaduke Dodsworth, as president of the Student Body Association, brought the "Greetings" of the students to the alumni, faculty and guests.

Miss Junia Todd, of the class of '17 represented the College Alumni Association in a novel speech on "Camouflage."

Mrs. A. F. Berry told of the work the College Woman's League had been doing in keeping the dormitories home-like, as well as looking after student life in general.

Dean Ira A. Morton represented the faculty in an inspiring speech on "Comradeship, a Factor in Education."

The principal address of the evening was given by H. R. King, president of the Seattle Rotary Club, on "The Business Man's View of an Education." He gave to the students a new meaning of C. P. S., saying that it meant: "Come, Prepare, Serve." His words, imbued with his strong personality, gave a new stimulus to every College student to realize his great opportunity and make of himself a leader among men.

Dr. Todd, in a clever speech, called upon Chief Justice Chadwick, who was one of the guests, and who responded to Dr. Todd's appeal by giving a talk on "The Crises Now to Be Faced."

Another feature of the banquet was the splendid musical numbers. Mme. Kaethe Pieczonka gave the Cello Concerto in A Minor by Goltermann, in

Continued on page 7 Column 3

The Stone Fisher Co.

ENTER SPRING and HER CHARMING RETINUE
*The Fabrics and Garments of the
 New Season*

—Let syntax, synopses and syllogisms wait, let faculty and doctors of deep and devious didactics attend while we contemplate the phases and phantasies of Fashion—the “glad rags,” so to speak, with which flapper, subdeb and learned Senior are to adorn themselves in this the springtime of 1919 A. D.

—Now ready and waiting your attention are—

Beautiful Cotton Fabrics
 Fashionable Silks
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 Charming Frocks

Lovely Blouses
 Spring Millinery
 New Boots and Pumps
 New Coats and Skirts

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THE SACAJAWEA

Current Event—

The girls have found a new place
 to study.

Where?

Behind the piano.

Why?

Ask Lowry.

How much was in it?

Just a quarter and a nickel.

So say we all of us!

Want Ads

Effie—“A Book of Dreams.”

Laura—“More hours for social func-
 tions.”

Nettie—“An engineer to railroad for
 me.”

Gladys—“Young, copper-colored ros-
 es.”

Rita—“A record that can't be
 heard!”

Ruth—“A new method on ways and
 means.”

Irish—“A shock-absorber besides
 the floor.”

Myra—“An exit from behind the
 piano besides ‘Over the Top’.”

Cappie—“A ‘steady’—not so many
 ‘studies’.”

Miss R. Bailey—“A subscription to
 the ‘Modern Priscilla’.”

Dulcie, alias “Chubby”—“Smiles
 and lemon pie—also an extra chair
 in the library.”

Rubenstein—“A nice, soft pillow,
 and some more lovin’.” Ain't he get-
 tin' sentimental?

Wanted—by the Tribe—The reason of
 Lois B's anxiety for school to close.

AT THE DORM

(And Elsewhere)

As Has Been Said and Done

Fri., Feb. 21—Burk learning to gur-
 gle hot liquids, analogous to soup with
 a minimum of noise. “There now, I'll
 bet I can make less noise without
 choking than any two others, working
 simultaneously.”

Feb. 22, 5:55 p. m.—Brady at the
 phone. “Yes, a half dozen carnations
 —I'll call in ten minutes.”

Willie, at the barber shop: “Make
 it snappy; never mind the ears.”

6:70 p. m.—George W., somewhere
 about six blocks from the right place:
 “Does Miss Anderson live here?”

Feb. 22, 4:30 p. m.—Clyde at the
 phone, the third florist at the other
 end. “How much are roses? Hunh?
 And how much are carnations?” Hangs
 up, “Let's see—if they cost over \$1,
 we'll have to walk.”

Tues., Thurs., Fri., 6:10 p. m.—
 Russell: “Pacific Long Distance, please
 —Hello, is Dorothy there?”

Feb. 22, 11:00 p. m.—Snyder at
 the elevator: “Isn't there room for
 me? Meet you down below, be sure
 and wait!”

Andy: “Well, I only had one spoon
 left and I've got that yet.” (N. B.—
 Andy don't live at the dorm, he just
 stays there.)

Feb. 26—Young, at lunch: “Clay's
 been eating soup with his coat off and
 then tried to exchange shirts with me.”

Carl, just asleep after the banquet.
 whisper: “Hear the senior snore.”

Santos, at the banquet, endeavoring
 to masticate a piece of chicken: “Well
 DONE, thou good and faithful serv-
 ant!”

Ciscar, breaking bread at the ban-
 quet: “These buns have more crust
 than Burk has.”

Nye: “Well, I got a raise, which
 shows I'm making good!” Yes, but
 where did you go to church Sunday
 night?

COLLEGE WINS LAST GAME

Basketball Activities Show Pep

The C. P. S. basketball team now
 has three losses and two wins to her
 credit. The last four games have re-
 sulted in fifty per cent wins and it
 looks as if the team was going to keep
 up the record they have established
 in the last two contests.

The second game of the season went
 to the Y. M. C. A. by a score of 38-20.
 Altho played on our own floor the
 team did not get started until it was
 too late to win. Wright was the main-
 stay for the Y team and Anderson did
 the best work for the College.

The Pirates took the third game by
 the close score of 22-20. This game
 was played on the Stadium floor and
 as it was strange to some of the team
 the Pirates had the advantage. The
 tight score came as quite a surprise
 as the Pirates were considered the
 strongest of the city league teams.

The C. P. S. took their first game
 from the Lincoln A. C. after two extra
 five-minute periods. The game ended
 a tie and five minutes extra time was
 given, but at the end of that the score
 still stood so the time was again ex-
 tended five minutes. In the last five
 minutes the C. P. S. team took on
 some new pep and won by a score of
 31-24. This was the first win and set
 the ball rolling.

The college team won their second
 game from the Knights of Columbus
 by a score of 31-21. This was by far
 the best game the team has put up.
 Much improvement is being shown in
 both team work and basket shooting.

The line-ups:

Y.M.C.A. (38) Pos. (20) C.P.S.
 Wright (14) F. (10) Anderson
 Russel (4) F. (4) Brady
 Geiger (8) C. (4) Lemmon
 Converse (6) G. (2) Curtis
 Nelson (2) G. Kinch
 Moody (4) Williston

Referee: Post.

Pirates (22) Pos. (20) C.P.S.
 Pearne (7) F. (14) Anderson
 Gordon (12) F. Brady
 Kirkwood (2) C. (6) Lemmon
 Tenzler G. Curtis
 Sontag G. Kinch
 Leach

Referee: Bell.

C.P.S. (31) Pos. (24) Lincoln A.C.
 Anderson (19) F. (11) Danielson
 Brady (6) F. (1) Whitmore
 Lemmon (4) C. Lindmark
 Curtis (2) G. (2) Iffert
 Kinch G. Bowman

Referee: Bell.

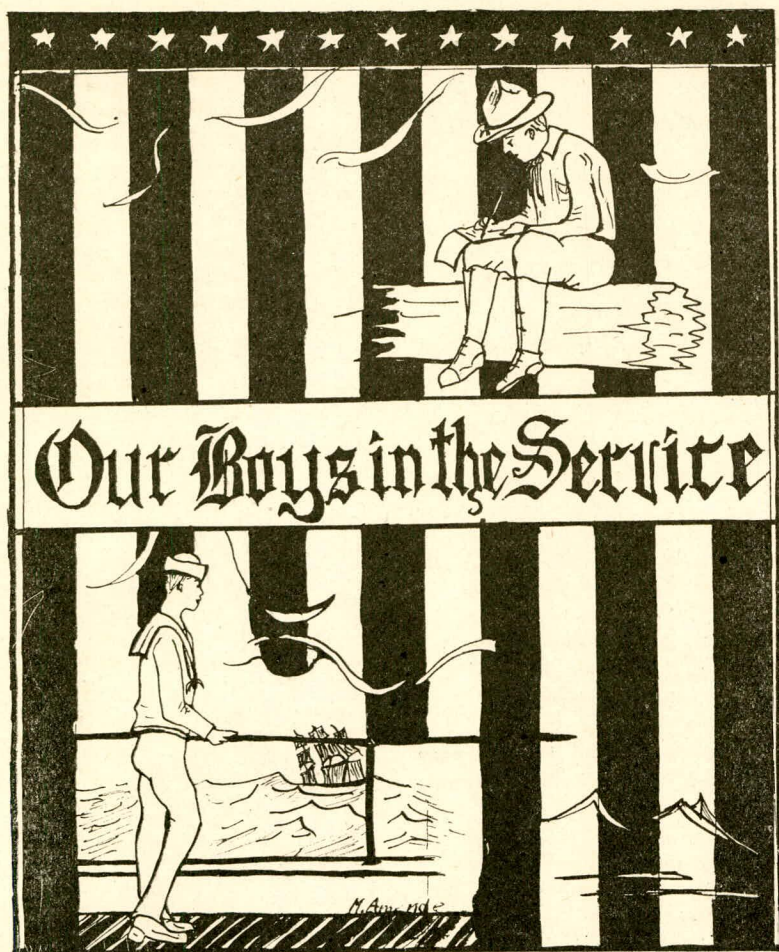
C.P.S. (31) Pos. (21) K. of C.
 Anderson (15) F. (4) Kennedy
 Brady (6) F. (2) Weber
 Lemmon (10) C. (13) Hitchcock
 Curtis G. (2) Hunt
 Kinch G. Receconi

Referee: Leo Gallagher.

Problems of the Reporter

Our athletic reporter found difficulty
 in “covering” the basketball games
 held last night. We went to press
 before the results could be learned;
 and we appeared after the games were
 over. This is how the reporter tried
 to make a news story in spite of the
 facts. Nothing like juggling the tenses
 to meet the emergency.

“Friday night of this week there
 were exciting games in the gymnasium
 between the girls' teams and the boys'
 teams. It is desired that all who could
 possibly do so to be sure to have been
 there.”



Our Boys in the Service

IRMA AND ALMA TUELL WRITE FROM FRANCE

C. P. S. is proud of her girls in the service as well as her boys, and two former students, Misses Alma and Irma Tuell, who have been in the Army Nurses' Corps in France since last August have written many an interesting letter to home-folks here. Alma was a member of the Class of 1917 and Irma of the Class of 1918. Both are sisters of Charline Tuell, a junior here this year.

A recent letter from Irma reads:

"We had quite a trip here from Mes-
ves; took us three days to come one
hundred miles and we traveled every
possible way and with every class of
people. Every time we set down our
suit-cases we had to change trains and
at every single siding we side-tracked
for a few hours. It was awfully cold.
The first snow of the year and the first
night we stayed over night in a town
where the only hotels were restricted,
so we slept on the floors and benches
of the Red Cross rooms hut, keeping
warm as best we could when we were-
n't pacing up and down the streets
of the town. The next morning we
started on much the same kind of a
trip, still changing cars and finally
about three, in spite of expostulations
on our part we were landed on a third-
class train without any windows. The
rain and snow blew in on us and when
we found that we were expected to
ride on that train all night, we just all
piled off at the first big town we came
to, and refused to go any further until
we had a night's sleep and were fur-
nished decent transportation. We had
a lovely hot dinner and went to bed in
feather beds and slept fourteen hours
without waking and rose refreshed and
ready to battle for our rights, only to
find that over night everything had
started coming our way, and we fin-
ished our trip in the best manner they
were able to allow us.

Well, Mother dear, I'm almost frozen
to a crisp so will climb under the

covers and get warm. We have stoves
here, as soon as we find out how to
get fuel!"

And Alma writes the following:

"Can you imagine how happy I was
this week to get 15 letters from Taco-
ma and I enjoyed the clippings so much
from the magazines. Reading matter is
very hard to get, and I guess it is
almost impossible to get magazines, so
if you just keep on putting in clippings,
funny things, and little poems, it cer-
tainly will be fine.

I hadn't had any mail for three
weeks, so that has been a lovely week
with three or four letters every day.
Don't worry about us being cold, for
we are very comfortable. I haven't
been sick at all and I feel better than
I ever did before in my life, in spite
of the fact it has been months since
I left home, and I miss you very much.
Our time is so full, and I enjoy my
work so much that the days and weeks
are flying by. I have a fine ward. 54
patients. They are all lovely boys,
and appreciate what we do for them
so much. They come to us with their
little ailments, like going to their moth-
ers, and come to us for sympathy when
they are homesick. It is doing the
little extra things that make my life
happy here. It is wonderful how easy
it is to forget ones own "blueness"
when a 19 year old boy "fesses up"
that if he weren't a man and a soldier
he would like to have a good big cry
because he misses his mother. Then
some other boy shows you a picture
of his sweetheart, the loveliest girl in
the world, always. They are cheerful
most of the time, but they will all
surely appreciate home and Mother
when they get back. The boys I am
most sorry for are those whose Moth-
ers have died since they came from
home, and they haven't the glad home-
coming to look forward to. So our
days are busy, happy days."

AN EPIDEMIC OF STRIPES

Chevronitis Is a Malady Peculiar to Dough-Boys

"Chevronitis," a malady peculiar to
doughboys, and not unlike smallpox
in that it causes the wearer to break
out in violent eruptions, has made its
appearance in St. Paul, says the Pio-
neer Press, and is rapidly assuming
epidemic proportions throughout the
country.

The war department has tried sev-
eral things to check the spread of the
malady, among them a set of rules is-
sued by the general staff stating def-
initely just why is a chevron and what
for.

But the rules haven't seemed to help,
because some doughboys go tramping
onward to their fate, distributing stars
and bars on various parts of their suits
until they succumb to "chevronitis."

Bad attacks are shown by the way
the chevrons point. The most aggra-
vated and advanced cases have chev-
rons everywhere, on the right shoulder
and in the middle of the left elbow,
and some even can be found on the
knee and the hip.

To clear up any misunderstanding
on the part of the doughboy as to the
meaning of the different chevrons and
their locations, an artist took pains to
sketch a patient who was suffering
from a serious case of "chevronitis."

And this is the manual which re-
sulted from the artist's efforts.

A chevron on the right shoulder
signifies the wearer hasn't any cooties
just now but survived a successful bat-
tle with them in France.

A chevron on the left shoulder sig-
nifies that whenever a pretty American
Red Cross nurse appeared in France,
the wearer immediately got in the way
of a German machine gun bullet.

Between the shoulder and the elbow
on the right arm a chevron signifies
that the wearer has an uncle in the
army. On the left elbow it signifies
that the wearer has a girl in France.
Worn on the breast between the third
and fifth rib, it indicates that the girl
he left behind him here didn't spend
any time waiting for him to come back.
This is usually accompanied by a lugu-
brious air until he sees what she drew.

He who possesses a thrift stamp is
entitled to wear a chevron on the left
hip. If he bought a Liberty Bond, he
wears it an inch higher.

A chevron on the right leg, close to
the knee, signifies that the wearer did
not like baked beans and was brave
enough to tell the cook about it. If
the chevron is just a bit lower, it signi-
fies that he emerged victorious.

A chevron on the right hip means
that the man wearing it has been men-
tioned by the inspector general. And
doughboys know what an honor that
is, because the inspector general speaks
only once, but fluently, plainly, and
every one else knows just what he's
talking about.

The chevron on the chap's face in
the artist's illustration, one might say
in closing, is worn because he stayed
out late a week ago Wednesday night.

FRESHMEN STAGE FARCE

Continued from page 1

Won't let Humpty Harvey look like a
lath.

Prof. Hanawalt:

Old Prof. Hanawalt has lost his basket
And doesn't know where to find it,
Leave it alone and it will come home

With the umbrella behind it.

Mrs. Hovious:

There was a profesor who lived in a flat
Altho rather stout she could not be
called fat,
She taught public speaking and also
debate,
If you're not in her classes, just blame
it on Fate.

Dr. Marvin:

Marvin, Marvin, slender Marvin,
How does your history go,
With boys in the front seats all trying
to win
Those pretty maids all in a row.

Mrs. Davis:

"Will you walk into my classroom
of Spanish and of French?
'Tis quite the nicest classroom that
ever held a bench.
The way into my classroom is up a
flight of stairs,
And I have many funny things to tell
you when you're there."
"Oh, no, no," said the wise one, "to
that I'll not arrive
For who goes in your classroom will
ne'er come out alive."

Mrs. Marsh:

When the spirit seems to move you
To make Botany your choice,
Oh, you'll surely that day rue
If to Mrs. Marsh you raise your
voice.

Miss Rummel:

It's too bad says every boy
That Jessie Rummel is so coy,
She'll only teach those classes
That interest none but lasses.

Miss Reneau:

Of all the teachers in this hut
'Tis Miss Reneau we like the best,
We would not from her classes cut,
If every day there was a test.

Dean Morton:

Baa, baa, Morton,
Have you any kick?
Yes, you Sophs and Juniors,
On you I'm going to pick.
The carpet for the Juniors
The carpet for the Sophs
But none for the Freshmen
Who have proved themselves the
boss!

The farce closed with the following
songs, the verses being sung by Doro-
thy Terry and the chorus by the class.

I.

Once again I saw the Freshmen
Tho they seemed so meek and small
Never whispering in the Chapel,
Never yelling in the hall.
Quickly stepping back for Seniors
Let your betters pass before
Shrinking back from no admittance
In Dean Morton's office floor.

CHORUS:

But she was dreaming, only dreaming,
She was dreaming, that was all.
She was dreaming, only dreaming
She was dreaming, that was all.

II.

Then I thot I saw the Sophomores
Looking oh, so wondrous wise
Sitting there before their teachers
With such wisdom in their eyes.
Then I thot "Why, all these students
Must be taking P. G. work
These of all the other students,
Could show the others how to work.

Continued on Page 5 Column 2

THE TRAIL

THE TRAIL is published every two weeks during the school year by the students of the College of Puget Sound.

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EDITORIALS

C. P. S. SPIRIT

The possession of true College Spirit is priceless to a student body. And C. P. S. has this spirit, as was shown in the banquet given recently at the Commercial Club.

Class rivalry ran high, as was expected, but the rivalry was of a clean, joyous type. When fun-time was on, there was fun, and yet when the signal was given, class competition was forgotten and the utmost courtesy and interest was given the college speakers.

There can be no livelier crowd than a group of merry students. Let's keep such a spirit burning in the Student Body of C. P. S.!

PROFESSOR DAVIS

The student body was proud of Senator Davis last Tuesday, for he showed himself as able a leader in State affairs as in his duties at C. P. S.

Three cheers and a tiger for C. P. S.' Senator-Professor.

DO YOUR BIT

Students, when you make your purchases, also make it known that you are from the College of Puget Sound. The business manager, in making the rounds of our advertisers, has discovered that a few of them look upon the contracting for an Ad as sort of an act of charity, for they do not realize how much the student trade means. A few words casually dropped during a purchase will convince them that the students of the College stand by their paper and patronize its advertisers.

Let your clothier, milliner, florist, and confectioner know that you are a C. P. S. student.

Do your bit toward the success of "The Trail."

DR. TODD ADDRESSES FACULTY

At a special meeting held last Monday at the College, Dr. Todd addressed the faculty, speaking generally of his recent trip to Chicago, and discussing several new ideas gleaned from visits to some of the leading Eastern universities.

He also brought before the faculty the possibility of opening a department of modern business administration. In such a course many of the prominent business men of the community would be invited to address the classes, thus showing the student the practical side of the successful business career.

HEAR THEM AT THE BANQUET

Freshmen

The freshmen contributed the following songs:

Song (Tune: "Smiles")

We'll admit that in this college
There are classes full of pep
But just watch the Freshmen class this evening

If you want to see one of great rep,
For the Freshmen of old C. P. S.
Furnish all the life there is at school

And the Sophs will have to watch their step
For the Freshmen are here with pep.

Song (Tune: "I'm Sorry, Dear, I Made You Cry.")

We're sorry, Sophs, so sorry Sophs;
We're sorry you've got no pep;
We may be green, but we make some team

The Freshmen are here with pep
Give us a song, it need not be long
Come Sophs and save your rep.
It's hard we find, to leave you behind
We're sorry you've got no pep.

Sophomores

While the Sophs gave the following yells:

Hobble-Cobble,
Razzle-Dazzle,
Zip-Boom-Ah!
Sophomores,
Rah! Rah!

Rocka-Chicka-Boom,
Ricka-Chicka-Ricka-Chicka
Boom-Boom-Bah!
Sophomores,
Rah! Rah!

Juniors

The juniors celebrated with the following yells and songs:

Rizzle-Razzle,
Kizzle-Kazzle,
Jizzle-Jazzle-Joo!

The Senior Class Has Tried to Yell—
Fizzle-Fazzle-Foo!

A-Choo!
Juniors!

Hear the Seniors yell,
Sounds like our old cow-bell,
We're the class with vim a-plenty!
Rah! Rah! Nineteen-twenty!

Song (Tune: "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honney")

Oh, we are the smartest class that e'er been seen,
For our ways are nifty and our sayings keen,
What's more, we folks are never blue,
We're loyal—to 'Twenty we're true,

A finer bunch of students you could never see
Than those that are before you of Nineteen Twenty.
So just for a while
Give us a smile!

Song (Tune: "There's Music in the Air")

Then Seniors are in the air,
At the banquet here tonight
They're probably wondering where
We got all our pep and might!
But why should they wonder when they know
The class that's before them in this show,
So they list—enchanted there
These Seniors in the air!

Seniors

The old Senior stand-by was the following:

Hear the Freshmen sneeze!
Hear the Sophomores wheeze!
Hear the Juniors snore!
Hear the Seniors roar!!

They also celebrated in numerous yells, the disappearance of Burk's mustache.

A toast to the Juniors (as given by the Seniors):

All the Juniors have big domes,
And they're made of solid bone!

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS

On Thursday, February 20th, the Sophomore girls had charge of the Y. W. C. A. Frances King led the devotional exercises; Lois Noble read the Scripture lesson; Winifred Wayne played for us, and several other Sophomore girls entered into a warm discussion on the subject "Campus Conversation." Just in the midst of the meeting, three of our faculty friends walked in, and before long the Sophomore girls were receiving valuable reinforcements from the faculty quarter. Altogether the meeting was a decidedly good one and we all enjoyed it immensely.

After a number of class meetings behind well guarded doors the Sophomores have finally agreed upon their gift to the Freshmen at the annual banquet. Would you like to know what it is? Wait and find out, Susie.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Where do you live, my friend?
Is it behind a frowning face,
A mouth of rainbow shape,
A crow-foot brow, that tells us how
You're running a losing race?

Do live with a smile,
Which plainly and cynically says
All this and that—my habitat,
Weren't made for one of my phase?

Say, why not live a happy smile,
That gives hope an upward trend;
A smile that might break helping to make
Somebody's life worth while?
That's where to live, my friend.

—H. A. LONE.

Noah Identified

"Why do you sign your name Norah?" asked a teacher of one of the Chinese boys in his class. "Don't you know that Norah is a girl's name?"
"O, no," was the reply. "Norah was the name of the famous American who built the ark."—Ex.

ATTENTION!! GIRLS!!

Attendance Wanted!
Attraction Guaranteed!
Basket-Ball
Every Week
Listen!

Girls:

To the one attending the most basketball games from now to the end of the season—Something worth while.

Everybody out,
Everybody shout
For C. P. S.

For Sale or Rent—

One right-handed eye shade.

—"Trail" I I.

All Sorts

Life is a joke,
And all things show it.
Look at a Freshman
Then you'll know it.

"Don't you think her voice ought to be cultivated?"
"No I think it should be harvested."
—Ex.

No matter how truthful a man has been all his life, he is bound to lie at the point of death.

The Gossip

Observe the blotter, how it soaks up words and deeds of other folks. Then shows them up to me and you in all detail, but wrong side to.—Ex.

Sue was warned in chemistry lab. the other day not to get too close to the powder.

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Society

THETA

The Thetas have elected the following new officers for the second semester.

President, Lois Noble; Vice-President, Marion Rice; Secretary, Josephine Moore; Treasurer, Margaret Joliffe; "Trail" Reporter, Frances Coffey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charline Tuell.

The program for March 4 will be on "Animated Photography."

Instrumental Solo Margaret Sayre
"Growth of Art of Moving Pictures"

..... Margaret Joliffe
"Movies and Education"

..... Myrtle Warren
"Screen Camouflage"

..... Dorothy Townsend
"Work of D. W. Griffith"

..... Frances Coffey
"How Movies Helped Win the War"

..... Edith Palmer
Vocal Selection Gladys Moe

At our last program we were favored by a new and unusual visitor—"Rags," Miss Manny's dog. He added novelty to the program and entertained the audience with his clever actions.

PHILOMATHEAN

The Philos will give the following program next Monday evening on "Our Feathered Friends" in the Society room in the Chapel Building.

Vocal Solo Marion Myers
Paper—"Birds of America"

..... Emily Frederickson
Talk—"Bird Music" Vera Sinclair

Reading—"To a Skylark" Olive Brown
Paper—"The Life of Audubon"

..... Clinton James
Piano Solo Ruth Hallin

"The Works of John Burroughs" Victor Ciscar

"Birds and Poets" Marie Pedersen
"Birds of the Tropics"

..... Mamie Phillips
Vocal Duet

Marie Day, Mabel Amende

AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyons will present a program on "Woodrow Wilson", at their meeting in the Amphic room Monday evening

The numbers follow:

Piano Solo Sophia Schultz
"Panorama of Wilson's Life"

..... George Williston
"If I Were Wilson" Extemporaneous

"Interesting Anecdotes" Harry Gardner

Duet—Mandolin and Piano
Ruth Woods, Muriel Hover

"Wilson—the Man and Diplomat" Ed Longstreth

Tableau—"The Forces Behind the Flag"

Mabel Wilbert, Clyde Kinch, Lewis Cruver, Olin Graham

H. C. S.

On February 17th the H. C. S. Society held its first meeting this quarter. At this meeting Henry Cramer was re-elected to the chair of President, and Elmer Anderson was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer.

Due to the fact that the major portion of the members were in the service of Uncle Sam, having recently been released, it was impossible for the H. C. S. to take up, until this late date,

the place which past achievements have won for it in College activities. With months of intensive training and healthy life, spent in the service of their country, the members of the H. C. S. have come back to school with such an increased vigor and determination as will make their late entrance into College activities spell "naught" in the final analysis. With the red blood of Americanism coursing through their veins, the H. C. S. expects to contribute leaders to all the diversified activities of College life. Athletics will claim an H. C. S. leader; society will claim an H. C. S. leader; the Student Body will claim an H. C. S. leader, and if all goes well, debating and literary work will claim an H. C. S. leader. The H. C. S. intends, if possible, to turn out leaders, and the glove is in the ring. The aims and purposes of the H. C. S. Society will be published at a later date, but we think it propitious to mention one at this time, i. e., it is the aim of the H. C. S. to further and better College activities and College life, and though some other Society may be sponsor for a good and needed improvement, it may rest assured that the H. C. S., having in view the welfare of the College, is behind them, pushing with the vigorous strength of its young manhood. So watch them!

FRESHMEN STAGE FARCE

Continued from page 3

CHORUS:

But she was dreaming,—etc.

III.

Then I seemed to see eight Juniors
And they said 'twas all there was;
Tho, of course, we'd surely miss them
If we had to do without.
Why, you know, these Juniors eight
Furnish all the life at school,
Always turn out to the game,
And you never find them tame.

CHORUS:

But she was dreaming,—etc.

IV.

Then this College has some Seniors,
Tho perhaps you knew before
How they stand 'n' scowl at Soph'mores
Just inside the library door.
How industrious were these Seniors
Always answering questions asked
Always working on their theses
To diplomas get at last.

CHORUS:

But she was dreaming,—etc.

THINGS THAT ARE INSEPARABLE

Rita Todd and Lowrey;
Paul Snyder and the Administration Building Furnace;
Frank Williston and his Chemistry;
Lois Noble and her Camp Lewis Sergeant;
Charlie Brady and his basket-ball suit.

Lloyd Burk and his mustache;
Vera Sinclair and her fountain pen;
Frances King and her money bag;
Lemmon and his sense of humor;
Irene Doran and her temper;
Margaret Joliffe and Ed. Longstreth;
The seniors and their theses;
Doctor Todd and good advice;
Lois Buckingham and the library;
The Unperceived and the Library Window;
Harold Hong and Hazel Hooker;
Prof. Harvey and his smile;
Olive Brown and the telephone;
And how about Dorothy Townsend and Clyde?

—The Casual Observer.

CHOW!

CHOW!

CHOW!

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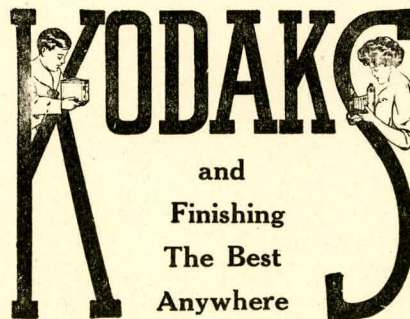
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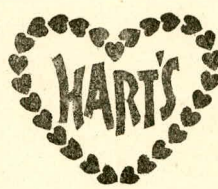
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Prof: "Why are the muscles in my head smaller than those in my arm?"

Student: "Because you don't use them so much."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why Williston gave a pie to two fair damsels when he owed it to Kinch.

All information concerning the writer of "Seen from Library Window."

Also the composer of the ode to said writer.

Why Madeline is so fond of Lemmons.

Who swiped the Freshmen songs and yells.

D. T. wishes to know who the inventor of the abominable flash-light is.

If Lowry's hair-cut is a "Kewpie Cut."

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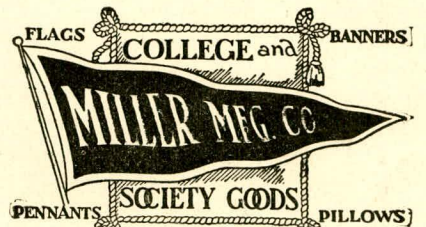
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The Banquet Page

THE BANQUET AS SEEN BY A FRESHMAN

Knowing that I was to tell the readers of the Trail of the banquet as seen by a freshman, I went especially prepared to observe all details that might prove interesting to all who read this. These I will now give to you in as exact time order as possible.

My first impression of the banquet room was a fairly large room with tables everywhere systematically arranged. Then too, there were the waiters, each wearing a badge with 1922 on it. (It might be added that the sophomores did not pin these badges on the waiters). The freshmen entered noisily as all children should and the sophomores followed, trying in vain to look learned and dignified. Failing in this the Sophies immediately changed their tactics and began to foolishly frolic about like a flock of lambs gamboling on the mountain side. Juniors and seniors cannot be safely criticized by a freshman unless he is contemplating leaving school and as I have no idea of leaving I will let your imaginations figure out the behavior of our "half-cooked" juniors and our "almost-done" seniors.

When all were seated around the snow white tables, the sophomores faintly endeavored to yell. Their yells made me feel home-sick and it took several minutes to find out why and then I remembered they were giving some of the same yells that I had heard years ago in grammar school. After the sophs' failure the freshmen gave several exceedingly good yells and so showed up the second year students that they kept still the rest of the evening. We were next favored by some good junior yells and then the seniors made some attempts at witticisms in the form of yells but I failed to get the point, very likely because I do not understand the wit of the nineteenth century. The Alumni's yells were good and came first in quality, that is, first after the freshmen's yells.

After the noise had subsided I was given a chance to look around a bit and it was then that I discovered why I was unable to rent a dress suit in Tacoma. About this time I espied Clyde Kinch and "Andy" Anderson coming toward the freshmen tables, Clyde blushing and getting redder every step. They came around to the Freshies tables and presented each freshman with a picture of a sophomore. When I looked at mine I realized why Clyde blushed so painfully.

Between second and third courses the removal of Burke's mustache was officially announced by the senior class. Burke was delightfully surprised, not expecting the free advertising. During the meal the Freshies, Juniors, Seniors and Alumni sang several songs and the Sophs gave a poor imitation of a monogrel funeral chant.

Now for the banquet proper. So that you may more closely follow this article I will show you a diagram of our attack.

PROGRAM

Olive Hearts	Ripe Celery
Crabtail Meat	
Royal Consumer's Soup Chorus	
Fried Chicken	Mattress Springs
Thousand Peas	d'Hotel

Sweet Ireland Potatoes
Cafe Noir Salad Garden Dressing
Ice and Cream Cake
Lettuc Quit

After passing thru the above campaign the populace settled themselves down to listen to the Menu. I will not enumerate the courses as they were not all given. Dr. Todd served toast for the evening. I am sure we all received an inspiration in the form of an oration or a communication from the Alumni association on the art of camouflage. Then, too, we enjoyed hearing some Seattle jokes.

The banquet over, I gathered a few remarks from various sources. The Freshmen were sorry there wasn't any more to eat. The Sophomores were wondering why they didn't serve tooth-picks. The Juniors were worried as to the impression they made. The Seniors were lamenting the fact that at the next banquet they would have to sit at the Alumni table.

Closing this unprejudiced epistle I wish to say that "The Banquet As Seen by a Freshman" will make him look forward to future banquets.

—F. Lemmon.

AS SEEN BY A SOPHOMORE

Boy! Some banquet, wasn't it?

From the time we stepped out of the elevator into the softly-lighted corridor until we again stepped into it we had one dandy good time.

Our first impression was dresses—of every kind and color—on every kind of girl—but all pretty and banquety. In the reception room our distinguished visitors and the student body mingled together—some in couples and many in groups. One of the latter groups was seen hilariously enjoying the presence of a cuspidor in their midst while Senator Davis informed them that such utensils were quite common where he came from.

The Sophomores followed the freshmen in the grand procession to the banquet hall and in due time we found ourselves sipping ice-water and wondering which fork to use on the crab cocktail. After much deliberation and furtive watching of the Dean and other dignitaries we ventured to begin.

The eats were fine, even tho we did have to pick the spring chicken up in our fingers to get any meat off it, and even tho two respectable Sophomores were observed in the act of using violence on one small biscuit. Also certain sugar bowls in the vicinity of the sophomores were nearly depleted between courses.

Andy led our yells and a couple of good peppy songs. We came off fine on 'Listen to the Freshmen yell for their supper!' but it made the Freshies so provoked that they sent their president up with a book telling us how to behave at banquets. Just as if they didn't need that book terribly bad themselves!

We had some strong coffee to prevent any of us from dozing during the speeches but none of us needed it because the speeches and music were fine. Right in the middle of the program we were suddenly electrified by hearing Dean Morton advise someone to speak for "his self" and to do it on the way home. On looking around for a possible solution we observed one member of the faculty studying the pattern of the table cloth, as if he wished to engrave it upon his memory forever—and we begin to see daylight.

We were awfully sorry we couldn't hear those last two musical numbers,

but even so, we voted the banquet a perfect success as we hurried to get our wraps before the lights went out. Some time, Boy, wasn't it?

Marie Peterson.

AS SEEN BY A JUNIOR

Having attended affairs of such nature before, and consequently being versed in the use of silverware, we were afforded ample opportunity to witness the embarrassments of our neighbors, and they were numerous. Realizing the importance of their position and frightened at the numerous dignitaries the Seniors almost forgot to "come to." The spell continued thruout the evening except for an occasional sonorous embryonic solo by Mr. Bain or a satire on the embryonic adornment of Mr. Burk's upper lip, which adornment having disappeared by request, previous to his emergence from his pastoral role. Carl informs us that their yells were extemporaneous. We tho so by reason of the silence which pervaded their locality. We will say, tho, that we are proud of the Seniors in that they only had one extra spoon after laboriously masticating their cock-tail with the aid of fork number one. From the looks of his dress suit it is evident that the same implement was resorted to in the attack on the soup. Reports are that he finished with knife number one. And as for the chicken, no tools were required or rather they were inadequate, the only method of dissection possible being the reversion to the pre-banquet, hand-and-mouth procedure. The main course probably explains the presence of the extra spoon.

Pause one moment—I am mistaken, reports are that Burk used up all his silverware, the last spoon vanishing with the shining salad dish. He was resourceful, tho, and portrayed his knowledge of table etiquette by devouring his ice cream aided by an extra wafer. Being unused to hot beverages, the coffee had to be poured into the saucer to cool and we tho the Seniors were giving their snore yell, when we discovered that by common consent they were gargling said coffee, lest it scorch.

The Sophomores, being to our rear, were heard rather than observed. Gurgling and scraping was intermittently engaged in, broken now and then by the smacking of lips and crunching of bones. Henry was heard to grunt spasmodically when endeavoring to get outside of his salad without spoiling the contour of the lettuce leaf, perhaps tho he had exhausted his supply of "aids to mastication" and was endeavoring to get the thousand islands by folding the lettuce leaf around same thereby proving his abilities as a dietitian. Andy must have eaten his sweet potato with one of his peas, anyway he says he didn't see any, but tasted it. Heard also was the statement that a chicken with so many legs must either be an octopus or a centipede. Perhaps the most inexplicable complication arose when Clyde mistook his hat check for a penny and tipped his waiter with it. That probably explains his lateness in arriving home. Or was it an excuse to invade the kitchen in search of said waitress and incidentally more ice cream.

Continued on Page 7 Column 3

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THE BANQUET AS SEEN BY A JUNIOR

Continued from page 6

Altho it is evident that the Freshmen spoke for themselves, we must congratulate them on the fact that they were by no means oligochrome in both dress and noise. We advise you to keep your cartoons of the Sophomores, someday they will bring back memories. We knew you would have a good time from the day you priced nosegays at ten different florists until you arrived in party frock and Sunday suit. Altho Willie persisted in seeing his lady to the dressing room on the ninth floor and ate all the celery and olives which were unintentionally put before his place-card, we still have hopes. And Lemon, we noticed you too; but may we ask how the intervention occurred and how much you get for your troubles? You did nobly in telling the elevator girl that you wanted off upstairs, but how would she know you weren't the janitor of the 6th floor? Paul says that there isn't always room for one more, or he'd have descended on the same elevator that she did. Chivalry personified is our summary of the Freshmen boys—attention merited, of the girls.

The alumni that came to "shun" us and having done so, call it camouflage; we are surely glad to welcome you back as those who ushered us into the college realm and nursed us thru our freshman year.

The faculty members were as a rule conspicuous by their absence, but it is understood that those present spoke for themselves. As toastmaster, Dr. Todd, we appreciated the brevity and humor of your witticisms, altho we will not venture to explain why the choir harmoniously divulged themselves of their "Wake! Wake! Wake!" number.

Seriously now, we think the program was splendid altho we regret the lack of light on the subject, which deprived us of the last two numbers. Of course, we voiced our objection that the "Boys of the Old Brigade" be done away with; but we could have stood another hour such as our Seattle friend gave us.

Was it a success?

So say we all of us—Aye!!

—Harold Young.

ANNUAL BANQUET HUGE SUCCESS

Continued from page 1

a brilliant manner. The College Choir under the direction of Dr. Robert L. Schofield, sang "Morning Invitation" by Veazie. The numbers by the Mixed Quartet and by the quartet of 1917 were not given, as the lights twinkled their warning before the numbers could be announced.

The committees in charge of the banquet follow: Decoration, Miss Besie Pleasants, Miss Jessie Rummel, Miss Ruth Bailey, and Prof. Robbins; Invitation, Miss Mabel Amende, Dr. Todd, and Marmaduke Dodsworth; Program, Prof. Schofield, Miss Lois Buckingham, and Miss Marian Myers.

Leon Bain was in charge of the Senior stunts; Vera Sinclair, of the Junior; Elmer Anderson of the Sophomores, and Florence Todd of the Freshmen. Prof. Robbins was master of ceremonies at the banquet.

New Dorm. Song: "Oh, where, oh, where has that parlor-bench gone?"

Notice: Gloves pressed at half price
—H. Young.

AS SEEN BY A SENIOR

First, the Seniors were all present but one and this one was more than made up for by the families of those present. Did the Seniors enjoy the banquet? Well, I should say we did. We enjoyed the Freshman jokes and yells even if some of them did date back to the Garden of Eden in place of the Ark.

We were well pleased with the showing that the Sophomores made. Congratulations, Sophomores!

Juniors! Well, we have our own opinions but we are not going to express them because the editor of the "Trail" is a Junior. However, we would like to really hear the Juniors some time because we know they are quite clever!

We are proud of our alumni. We thot Dean Morton's speech was good and so did the two members of the faculty who sat at our table, judging, at least, from the expressions of their faces. We enjoyed Mr. King's address and considered it the best one of the evening, with the exception of the address of welcome given by the president of the student body—who, by the way, happens to be a senior. We also enjoyed the two quartet numbers. They were well-rendered and we appreciate them the more when we found out the great sacrifice the members of the male quartet made to be present.

On the whole, we considered the banquet a great success and feel that it was an event we will remember in our very eventful senior year!

—Lloyd Burk.

A FEW DON'TS FOR THE BOYS

Do not

Stay out later than 6:30 on Sunday evenings.

Walk on the campus after dark.

Stroll upon week days.

Bid the goodnight in near vicinity of Dorm or home. If you must say good-night, stand on the street, under the arc light, and yell, only loud enough for the lady to hear.

Have more than two dates with the same girl during one semester, and these not less than six weeks apart, because it is not wise to become infatuated.

Squeeze her hand on parting; simply mutter, "Swell time; glad it didn't rain; so long."

Wipe your dirty hand on your trousers. You know you were brought up better than that.

Hesitate to wash your clothes frequently.

Hang up your clothes by a button hole or a belt loop.—Ex.

Orderly: "Where can I find Capt. Johnson?"

Guard (on board walk): "Never heard of him. What's he in?"

Orderly: "Search me—the army I suppose."

Satiric Sam

Sympathetic Parson: "Oh! Wounded in the leg?"

Satiric Sammie: "Naw! In the head only the bandage slipped down."—Ex.

We girls would like to assure Andy that his doll baby is well taken care of at the Dorm.

CAMPUS NEWS AND PERSONALS

Burk wants to know if he has to secure a date from the Social Committee before he can grow a mustache.

Mrs. Marsh was in such a happy frame of mind the other afternoon in Botany that when Mary Cochran asked her what the flora of the mouth was, she answered blithely: "The flowers that grow in the mouth, tra-la!"

Mrs. Davis: "Have you any sense?"

Mr. Bain: "Naturally."

Mrs. Davis: "Why conceal it?"

She: "What color is your dog?"

Mary Manning: "I don't know. I'm going to wash him some day and find out."

Henry Cramer: "Did you tell Florence I was a fool?"

Andy: "No, I thought she knew it."

Little boy (watching a bow-legged man walking down the street): "Say, Ma, did that guy warp or is he just naturally crooked?"

"Papa" sadly neglected his five little charges last Tuesday. Naughty, naughty "Papa"!

Loyd Burk: "Gee, I wish I could find the fellow who stole my umbrella."

Clay: "Why do you growl at a little thing like that?"

Loyd: "Little thing! Why man, I actually bought that umbrella."

M. Martin says that she will be glad when they have airships to carry the mail. I wonder why?

George Lowrey: "How do you like this refrain?"

Rita: "Fine! The more you refrain, the better I like it."

Frances Coffey: "They tell me you love good music."

Brady: "That's all right, just go right on."

"Florence, isn't it cold down in the bottom of the boat?"

Florence Maddock (very innocently): "Well, that depends on who you are with."

Ed. Longstreth: "I wonder if you have an idea that you haven't told me."

Florence Todd: "No, I think you know them all."

Why, Marion!

Last week a telephone call was left for Marion Myers. Upon hearing of the call Marion promptly called up the number left on the bulletin board. She talked with several different men but none of them seemed to know anything of the person who wanted to speak to Miss Myers at the College of Puget Sound. Marion noticed that the men acted a little bit strange and she soon knew why when she was very politely told by the Captain that she had called up Police Headquarters.

Prof. Foster: "What is the geometrical shape of a kiss?"

H. K.: "Dunno."

Prof. Foster: "Why, it's a 'liptical."

Bud: "What course do you expect to graduate in?"

Sereth: "In the course of time."

ON THE OLYMPIA TRIP

M. Dodsworth: "If you have your lunch with you, perhaps you'd better eat it on the boat to save carrying it around with you."

Prof. H.: "Well, you'll have to carry it around with you, anyways, won't you?"

Prof. Hanawalt, after explaining a very difficult problem in mathematics asked the class if they thought that they had that in their heads, then added "Well, if you have, you have it all in a nut shell."

Dr. Marvin: "Mr. Anderson, will you please explain what is meant by the first paragraph on page ten."

Andy: "Why—er—I skipped reading that part."

Dr. Marvin: "How's that."

Andy: "Well, you see, I studied the advance lesson instead of today's."

Note: Andy, that won't always work.

Dr. Marvin: "What happened to Phlevo?"

Class in unison: "Blown to pieces by a bomb."

Dr. Marvin: "Can any one tell just when that happened?"

(Pause.)

Mr. Lemmon: "When the bomb exploded."

Iree: "You know each boy is to look after five girls on this trip."

Winifred: "Who is to look after you?"

Irene: "Mr. Magnusin."

Winifred: "Oh, the nicest boy in school!"

Lost: A snapshot of Prof. Harvey looking for his wife.

Prof. Harvey: "Andy, why don't you put your uniform away to wear in the G. A. R. parades about thirty years from now?"

Helen J.: "Don't break your neck on those steps, Myrtle."

Myrtle Warren: "Oh, don't worry, I've got rubber soles."

On the "Atalanta"

Prof. Harvey: "I've just been down in that engine room and the crowd must be Baptists, for they believe in close communion."

The Kaiser wanted more territory so the Allies gave him H——.
(Andy's contribution to "The Trail")

SEEN FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW

As pictured to me by one who saw: "Atalanta"—flash-light—several coat sleeves!

Young making a wild dash for Olympia dock. I refrain from mentioning her name and hope the pie was good.

Several foot-sore and weary Frosh. Strange that an afternoon stroll to Pu-yallup and back should tire one.

Two familiar shadows on the front room window-blind of the Sacajawea.

Seen by periscope thru transom of English room—three people and one hot mince pie.

Theolog: "What should I preach about?"

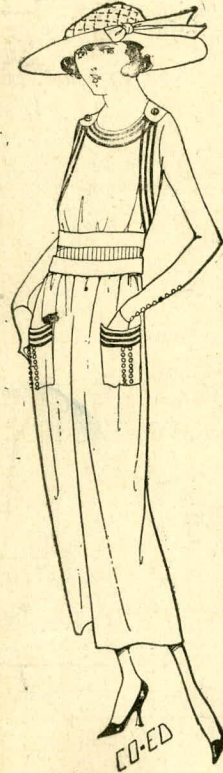
Edna: "About a quarter of an hour."

Cas: "Do you like fish balls?"

Nellie: "I don't know, I never attended one."

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